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To a Friend.

EDWARD A. HOWARD.

HE never had a wish but that it died
Of longing ere it could be gratified.
He never had a hope but that it fled
In fear that envy base would see it dead.
And yet he lived courageous, helpful days,
Ne'er shirking duty and ne'er seeking praise.

The Brook Farmers.

FRANK O'SHAUGHNESSY.

MR. CHARLES A. DANA, in a recent lecture before the students of the University of Michigan, threw some new light upon the socialism that gave rise to the Brook Farm colony of more than fifty years ago. Mr. Dana was one of the original members of the colony, and, he, better than any other man now living, can speak with authority on that subject.

It was at a period when this country presented a scene of intellectual activity scarcely equalled in history. The atmosphere was permeated with reform. Abolition was shouted from platform and pulpit. William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips were the most conspicuous advocates of the anti-slavery party. Their efforts were ably seconded by men of strength and courage. It took courage to advocate such a policy, for it meant the destruction of millions of dollars' worth of property, and the overthrow of an institution fortified by the national Constitution. The storm-clouds were gathering. A strong party, known as "non-resistants," foreseeing the impending trouble, began a campaign of pacification denying to

the government the right to forceful methods. "If force is invoked to sustain the government," they said, "we have no democracy."

Boston then, more than now, was the Athens of America. Ralph Waldo Emerson—one of our great men of letters—advocated a new doctrine of philosophy known as transcendentalism. It taught the original intuition of the mind. The scholars of Boston were the disciples of the new doctrine. The school became very active; a club was formed; and its first meeting was at the house of George Ripley, a Unitarian minister, and one of the leaders of thought.

Among these men the idea of social equality early arose. It was first stated by George Bancroft the historian that democracy as it existed was not the perfect realization of democracy; it should be raised up from the sphere of politics, of law and of constitution,—raised up into life and made social, that equality of suffrage should carry with it a social equality. What they objected to was the principle which allowed the master to sit upstairs in the parlor, while the servant sat downstairs in the kitchen. Their teaching was that everybody should be happy. This could only be brought about by education,—by training the mind so that it could appreciate the beauty in life, in literature and in art.

The present condition of society did not permit this: the laborer lived in a lower sphere; his condition could be bettered only by a reform. This they felt it their duty to realize. Ripley threw his great soul into the work. He gathered about him men who were willing to make a personal sacrifice of time and ability to realize this ideal. A farm was purchased about eight miles from Boston, and with twenty members the Brook Farm Association of Education and Agriculture began. The members were to work in the fields. Labor was to be dignified by coupling it with

mental training; a school was opened with bright, clever teachers, and the workers were the students.

This form of education, allowing a digression from continuous indoor study was healthful and beneficial. It was made pleasant by the social life at the Farm. The old as well as young, sang, danced and picnicked. An interesting picture of one of their masquerade parties is found in Hawthorne's beautiful story, "The Blithedale Romance." This levity sweetened their lives and strengthened them for work. They were earnest people and sincere believers in the ultimate success of their plans. At the end of three years, there were eighty members, but the finances were low. The school had been thrown open to scholars, but not enough came to make it profitable. The land was sterile; it was picturesque, but beautiful scenes were a poor substitute for bread and butter when the farmers returned hungry from the fields.

The movement was reorganized and the scheme bolstered up for awhile, but a fire that swept away the main building gave a death blow to the colony. The promoters would have continued on; their faith was not shaken, but they could not interest men of money in what outsiders deemed a visionary scheme. In consequence, the colony dissolved after an existence of five years. The farm was sold to pay the debts; there were still some unpaid. A magnificent library, which had taken Ripley a lifetime to gather, was sacrificed. The debts were paid, but Ripley was penniless. His misfortune proved his gain; he was forced into journalism, a field for which he was best adapted, and as a critic his fame is most enduring. Mrs. Ripley was the leading woman of the colony and a worthy helpmate of her husband. She became a Catholic, and died a devout member of the Church.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was, perhaps, the most prominent of the colonists. His "Blithedale Romance" has for its setting Brook Farm. The characters of the story were not Brook-Farm people, as many have been led to believe, though they bear a resemblance to some of the members. Emerson and Bancroft did not join the movement, but they were in sympathy with it, and visited the Farm often as did also Margaret Fuller.

The men who were associated with the movement have made our history. William H. Channing became the most eloquent divine of his time. John Sullivan Dwight, teacher of

languages and music at the Farm, was, at the time of his death, a renowned musical critic. Theodore Parker, a student and preacher, George William Curtis, late editor of *Harper's Magazine*, came to the Farm at the age of eighteen.

Orestes A. Brownson was not a member, but he was so closely associated with the reform movement and transcendentalists as to deserve a place in the category. He and Channing were the leaders of the workingmen's party of that time, which had much in common with the Brook Farm movement. He was a frequent visitor to the Farm, and enjoyed an intimate friendship with Ripley. Charles A. Dana entered journalism after the dissolution of the colony.

A young baker lad, thirsting for an education which, on account of the poverty of his widowed mother, he could not get, found in Brook Farm an opportunity to exchange labor for learning. It was this youth, then a Protestant, who was afterwards to father the greatest missionary work of the Church in America—Rev. Isaac T. Hecker, founder of the Paulist Order.

The men and women of Brook Farm became great because their souls were great. They loved humanity and labored for its betterment. They failed because they attempted to do by socialism the work of religion. The Church has a duty in the world that can not be delegated to human hands—it is the reformation of society and the teaching of love among men. That the Brook Farmers failed, only serves to emphasize this truth. These men, great in literature, great in the science of government, could not accomplish it. Their failure warns others not to hope for success on a basis of socialism.

At the point where these great works for the betterment of the world begin to fail, a beacon of hope is seen in the grand old Church, and the reformers, if their fervor is intense, must seek shelter in her bosom. Brook Farm was no exception. Hecker, Brownson and Mrs. Ripley entered her communion and sleep in her consecrated soil. Brownson's tomb is beneath the shadow of these walls. Hawthorne did not become a Catholic, but his daughter, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, worships at a Catholic altar. Dana, now the patriarch of American journalism, sees much to admire in the Catholic Church, and gives unstinted praise for the progress she has made in the work that engrossed his early life.

A Bad Mistake.

EUGENE CAMPBELL.

Charley White was in love. He was forced to admit it to himself; but as it was the first time he had ever experienced the sensation, he would not admit it to anybody else, even to his most intimate friends. Daisy Langtry was the cause of all the trouble. She had been visiting in Scruggsville for a month, and young White had had the opportunity of seeing her very often. Twice he had been on the point of asking the momentous question, and twice some accident occurred to delay it. Now only one more week remained for Daisy in Scruggsville, and White had promised himself that she should give him a decisive answer before she left.

Three days before she was to leave, White conceived a brilliant plan. He would give an excursion to Salt Peter Cave in Miss Langtry's honor, provided she approved of the plan. Daisy was delighted to go, and just as White was leaving she said:

"But you have entirely forgotten the chaperon. You know we could not go without one."

"Yes; I had forgotten that. But suppose I leave that to you. How would Miss Pynche do?"

"Just the person," said Daisy; "I will see her tomorrow."

Miss Pynche was no longer young. She lived in a small brown house whose only other occupant was a gaudy parrot, to which she bore a remarkable resemblance. She seldom went out; but she had never been known to miss any of the monthly meetings of the sewing society.

White invited his friends, and Daisy paid Miss Pynche a visit the following morning for the purpose of asking her to chaperon the party. Miss Pynche said that she would accommodate them gladly, but she had nothing suitable to wear.

"I am in the same predicament," said Daisy. "Suppose we get something alike, and have it made up for the occasion."

Miss Pynche agreed at once, and next day the gowns were begun.

The day for the excursion arrived, and so did Miss Pynche with a little bible tucked securely under her arm and a mysterious satchel which she always carried, saying, that it came in handy in time of accident. As the journey had to be made in hacks, Miss Pynche was

generously put in the front seat so that "she might have a good view," as White delightedly explained while helping her in.

When they arrived at their destination, it was time for lunch, and after they had finished they started to explore the cave. They sought to persuade Miss Pynche to go in with them, but she preferred to stay on the outside and gather ferns.

The afternoon was spent in the cave, and not a thought was given to Miss Pynche. White remained with Daisy; but much to his disgust she would not be separated from the party long enough for a single serious word. Over rocks and slippery places he guided her without once thinking of the cave, but always of Daisy; and when the time came to go out, it seemed to him that they had just come in.

The party had made their way out of the cave, and Daisy escaped from White's watchful eye. After trying vainly to find her the wretched young man went up to the hacks. It was dark; he called twice, but received no answer. He saw some one in the carriage, and he caught a glimpse of a fluttering blue dress. Filled only with his love for Daisy and his fear of disappointment after all, he walked quickly towards the carriage. He had been rewarded for his waiting; his time had come.

He climbed into the carriage; took two soft white hands between his own and tried hard to speak. He heard voices coming toward the carriage—it was now or never! He bent over until his head almost touched her shoulder and whispered in impassioned accents:

"Daisy, you know I love you. Do you think—"

He got no further, the figure beside him straightened up, gave a short asthmatic cough, and Charley White knew that it was Miss Pynche long before he heard her say:

"I *think*, young man, you have made a mistake. Take my advice and be more careful next time."

An "Abominable Nuisance."

JOHN HOWELLS.

Of all the beings of earth or air,
The angels are most blest;
They play baseball with the whirling spheres,
And on billowy clouds find rest.

But if ever one chances toward earth to stray,
On this you may safely bet:
His picture will decorate packages of
Some third-rate cigarette!

The Drowsy Hour in Brownson Hall.

LOUIS T. WEADOCK.

It has been observed, as Samuel Johnson might say, that after severe and long-protracted mental labor the reaction is often a drowsiness, in which we lose sight of the task that has caused it. The time when this feeling of drowsiness creeps over Brownson Hall is familiarly known as the drowsy hour.

In this delightful time tasks and lessons are forgotten, and the mind roams free over the past, or dips into the future and builds air-castles. In these happy dreams life is one long holiday and the skies are never clouded. There is no thought of sorrow or of failure—the prospect is always bright.

Such is the pleasure of this day-dreaming that by some it is actually cultivated. It is far easier to dream than to work, and who can be censured for embracing the opportunities to dream when they offer themselves?

Even to the hard-working student who lives in his books, the drowsy hour comes as a blessing in disguise. To his mind, of course, Greek roots and Latin conjugations are more attractive than idle dreams or unprofitable musings. Yet at times the temptation is too strong; the worker's book drops from his hand, and he too is dreaming—dreaming of honors and success. Would that all his fair dreams might come true! To the poet under compulsion, who is laboriously searching his mind and an unabridged dictionary for an elusive rhyme, this respite brings a sweet forgetfulness, that to be appreciated needs but to be experienced.

From its very nature the drowsy hour is uncertain in its coming and going. It is governed entirely by circumstances. It is impossible to delay either its arrival or its departure. Perhaps one student will close his eyes; his example is contagious, and in a moment the drowsy hour reigns. Days sometimes pass without such a period; but when it comes, it is imperious and none may dispute its sway.

To the earnest student and to the idler it brings alike peace and contentment. It lights up every path with hope. It is Lethe, it is lotus-blossoms, it is sweet forgetfulness. It is a magic wand which waves away the memory of chidings, of hot words, of duties left undone, of the petty restraints which necessary discipline imposes. A helpful, honored institution is the drowsy hour!

How the Bank was Saved.

CLARENCE V. SCHERMERHORN.

Frank Aniger, the cashier of the Anaconda Bank, is a man of courage and integrity; and Bernard Aniger is his son. On a sultry night last August, Bernard went to the office to help his father with some work. He read figures while his father checked them off, and the urgent part of the work was almost completed when a bothersome mistake was found. While his father looked for the error, the young man went into the consultation room and, dropping into a chair, soon fell asleep. Mr. Aniger, having corrected the error, put on his coat and hat to go home. He looked about the office for his son, but, not seeing him, presumed that he had left the bank. Thinking nothing more of the matter, he called at a friend's house to spend the rest of the evening. As he accompanied his wife home, they passed the bank, and Mr. Aniger remarked that the time would soon come when Bernard could assume duties there. Little did he think how soon the time would arrive.

At eleven o'clock the chiming of the bells on the courthouse aroused Bernard from his sleep, and rubbing his eyes, he stared about him and walked to the front door. It was locked and, resigning himself to circumstances, he returned to his chair and again fell asleep. Two o'clock struck when, suddenly, he was awakened and realized that the bank had been entered by robbers. Quietly removing his shoes he tiptoed to the door. Three strange men were working alternately at the combination lock at the entrance to the large treasure-room. Bernard trembled so violently that he thought the intruders must surely hear his teeth chatter, but plans of capture were running pell-mell through his mind. The safe door opened, and three exultant robbers stood before the steel drawers of gold. Just then one who seemed from his authoritative voice to be the leader spoke some words of direction to the man who was working the safe. In that instant a plan suggested itself to the listening boy, but for a moment its very audacity staggered him.

"Wait till I see if the coast is clear," said the leader, stepping cautiously through the back window. This was Bernard's opportunity. He was an accomplished mimic—in fact, he had frequently entertained his friends with his powers of ventriloquism. Imitating the tone

and manner of the absent leader, he called out in a hoarse whisper: "Go inside quick. Take your tools with you." Accustomed to obey, the robbers scrambled in. Then Bernard, white and trembling, quietly shut and locked the huge steel door upon them and retired to his former place of hiding. When the leader returned not a soul was to be seen. The tools were gone, and, overcome with fright, he hastened to retreat. But another man had heard the ventriloquist's order. The night watchman hurried to the rear and captured the leader as he tumbled out.

Bernard also stepped to the window only to look into the muzzle of the watchman's revolver; but a single word from the cashier's son reassured the frightened official. Questions were quickly asked and answered, and in a few seconds, a squad of policemen were on the spot. The robbers imprisoned in the strong room would have been suffocated were it not for three small apertures above the door, as it was, they were faint from fright and lack of air and were easily and speedily transferred to the station-house.

Bernard is now keeping books in the bank. He has a new wheel, a tandem, presented to him by the bank directors in recognition of his services, and when he rides it, Nellie Seymour, the president's daughter, keeps him company.

A Study in Red.

ANTHONY BROGAN.

Some one has said "But a very thin partition separates a great mind from a mad one." There is an analogy between this and red hair. Auburn locks which an artist might rave about would gain his censure if but one tinge lighter. So near, indeed, can they approach the hated color that Clara's hair may appear to her lover as auburn; but she may be regarded by her malicious rival as a "horrid red-haired thing."

Even if Clara has more red than gold in her hair, will she not be just as good a housewife? Will not her pies and puddings be just as well attended to as if her ringlets were jet black? Better, perhaps, since she will not lose as much time before the mirror as her more fortunate sister.

Where did this ridicule originate? No one knows its source, or how long people so afflicted have borne the jeers and scoffs of

mankind; but it is certain that for the last few hundred years red hair has been under a ban. Occasionally, however, some society leader would sway the followers of fickle fashion in favor of it. It was never countenanced very long at any time, but the fleeting favor shown to it seems to have been conjured up by some artful mammas to get rid of their red-haired daughters. This done they were willing that it should again be regarded in the some odious light as before.

About the only one exempt from this odium is the freckled-faced, rosy-cheeked, fiery-pated, youngster of twelve. He is everybody's friend and the envy of all youths of his own age. His dark-haired companion would be considered very presumptuous if he should dare ask the privileges and favors we so cheerfully grant to the little red head. Generally the latter's ability to blacken the eyes of his playmates wins for him the leadership in all their undertakings. From twelve to eighteen he is king among his fellows. And a free-hearted, good-natured monarch he is until some one tells him that his popularity is owing more to his personal appearance than to his genuine worth.

Before the fiery-haired youth reaches manhood he learns that the gentle sex abhors him. Then life is sad for him, and before he sees his thirtieth birthday he dies in sheer disgust. A red-haired *old* man is as rare as a dead mule. The reason is evident: the first can not stand the taunts of men and the ridicule of women; the second never dies. But it has not been always thus. It is a much mooted question whether Cleopatra belonged to the category of strawberry blondes or to the brunette type. She certainly possessed some of the characteristics attributed to red-haired people; principal among them being her passionate likes and dislikes. If she was beautiful, as we may infer from her conquests over the hearts of so many noted persons, there is a strong probability that red was at one time the favorite color in hair. Authentic accounts tell us that in the palmy days of Venice, ladies of that romantic city sunned their locks so they might become red.

These things count for naught nowadays. If one has hair the color of the "ribbed sea sand" he must lead a life full of mental anguish, unless devoid of all feeling. How long will this last? How long will the stalwart, manly red-haired youth be superseded in the affections of his dearest by the puny, bow-legged cross-eyed papier-mache man of raven locks?

A Bunch of Epitaphs.

TO SUSANNA.

SUSANNA Jones, aged forty-three,
A maid, lies here beneath;
She went to sleep in church one day,
And swallowed her false teeth.
F. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

THE FALL OF HEZEKIAH.

Down t'other side the meetin'-house,
Lies Hezekiah Mossback,
Who bought an untrained broncho colt,
And went out ridin' hossback.
J. F. DALY.

TO TOMMY.

A restless boy was Tommy Dodd,
Until his gun exploded;
But now he rests beneath this sod,—
He "didn't know 'twas loaded."
EMMETT BROWN.

HE WINCED.

Last night a tom-cat on our fence
Sang merrily his lay,
Nor boots nor bootjacks had effect
Upon his vertebrae.

His fur was mottled grey and black,
As I could plain descry;
I raged and groaned and yelled at him,
But he winked the other eye.

A happy thought came to my mind—
I sang! I knew he'd wince;
Down from that fence in fright he fled;
I haven't seen him since.

T. V. WATTERSON.

MASHED.

A frolicsome cyclist promised to meet
A fair-haired maiden on Michigan Street;
Round the sharp corner he carelessly flew
And, unfortunate man, he "mashed" these two.
J. E. CORBY.

TO HIRAM.

Here lies the body of Hiram Trude,
Who "couldn't nohow abide" a dude.
He drove into town and (alas and alack!)
He foolishly tackled a college half-back.
ANTHONY BROGAN.

A BALLAD IN BRIEF.

Oh! little Willie Wilkins, he ran away to swim,
But in the lake the water it was wet;
He dived into a place where it was too deep for him,
And near that place they're looking for him yet.

J. F. DALY.

INDIANA WEATHER.

Where stands our *Alma Mater* shines a glowing, frigid
sun,
And the sultry tropic breezes and the "norther" merge
as one;
And when fragrant apple-blossoms from their tender
covers break,
The farmers still are busy cutting ice upon the lake.
F. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Political Trickery: A Personal Impression.

EDWARD A. HOWARD.

Barnum's remark that "the American people like to be humbugged" is exemplified by politics as well as by the white elephant. In 1892, Grover Cleveland was nominated for President upon a platform which declared that the panacea for all the ills that the country sickened of was a tariff for revenue only. A disheartened people, groaning under a load of protection, heaped upon them by the Harrison Administration, hastened to his support and triumphantly elected him. After his inauguration he convened Congress in special session. Why? Was it to carry out the pledges of the platform which the people had accepted? No; but to put into effect his personal policy for the betterment of the country. The Sherman law was repealed, and the tariff question was placed in the background to be resurrected after the offices had been parcelled out in exchange for votes to support the repeal of the Sherman law. What force now remained to compel Congress to carry out the wishes of the people? None. The patronage gone, the President was but a figurehead and the iniquitous Gorman Wilson tariff bill, which the cowardly President who signed it denounced as "vicious, undemocratic and unprincipled," became a law.

Last fall the country was asked to place William McKinley in the President's chair, in order to remedy the defects of the currency law and establish the same upon a solid basis. It was asserted that he was the advance agent of prosperity, and that with the advent of his administration the ills that afflicted the body politic

"Would fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

The imaginative people, disgusted with Clevelandism and unable to distinguish it from pure democracy, disheartened, too, by the existing conditions, eagerly grasped the gold canes, and proudly wore the gold hats which distinguished them from the "anarchists." In vain the eloquent Bryan pointed out the bottomless pit to which they were fast hurrying themselves. Useless were the pleadings of tried and faithful servants who had grown poor in the service of the people. Deaf to all entreaties they placed in the White House the exponent of the gold standard.

Like Cleveland he immediately called Congress together, and like Cleveland he ignored the platform upon which he was elected, and, following the lead of the stout statesman from Buffalo, he pushed to the front his doctrine of protection which the people had repudiated in '90 and '92—a doctrine which was aimed to protect American industries by laying prohibitive duties upon foreign goods. This too in the face of the fact that yellow metal worshippers in the campaign of '96 asserted that the greatest evil of the 16 to 1 doctrine was that it would destroy our trade with Europe, because they would refuse to accept our fifty cent dollars.

Not less wise than the fisherman of Buzzard's Bay, Mr. McKinley announced that no offices would be distributed until his hobby had become the law of the land. And lo! the press of the country, who do not scorn

"To crook their knee
That thrift may follow fawning,"

commended him for his bold stand, forgetting, as it seemed, that they were aiding in the debauching of a congress which was elected for an entirely different purpose.

With these facts confronting the students of today, what is their duty? It is not to go forth and, in four years, hurl from power this traitor to the people. They have a higher duty than killing political corpses. McKinleyism is as dead as Clevelandism; but what is to prevent some other mountebank from hoodwinking the people in the same way?

Thomas B. Reed once said that "A statesman is a politician who is dead." If we were anarchists we should make lots of statesmen, and then possibly their successors would understand that a public office is a public trust; not a place to be witty, but to be honest. That idea being impracticable, some method should be devised to compel public servants to have the courage of the convictions which they announce as theirs during a campaign. How best to do this is for older heads than ours, but we may still cherish the hope that some day a means will be found.

May.

For radiance of thy warming rays,
May, merry May, forever bright,
All nature laughs in a thousand ways
For radiance of thy warming rays;
The fruit-tree blossoms scent the days,
Maples push all their leaves to light,
By radiance of thy warming rays,
May, merry May, forever bright. W. C. H.

The Darkey's Inspiration.

JOHN F. DALY.

In a little town of western Iowa there once lived a venerable, rheumatic negro, who rejoiced in the majestic name of Thomas Jefferson Jackson, but for practical purposes was known to everybody as Old Jeff. "Befo' de wah," Jeff had been the best runner, jumper, and all-around athlete on his master's plantation, and he never tired telling of the wonderful feats he had performed when he was young.

The men and boys of the village, always anxious for amusement, had done their best to induce Jeff to prove his prowess in athletics, but their efforts were never successful. They waited, hoping that something would happen to effect it. One day something did happen, and for the first and last time Jeff's ability to do marvellous things was put to the test.

On the day in question several men were standing back of the village store making suggestions, while Mr. Smith, the proprietor, tried to empty a barrel of molasses. One end of the barrel was resting on a small box about two feet from the ground. In boring through the tough wood, Mr. Smith had broken the auger. He was just directing a boy to procure an axe and was standing near the barrel when Jeff shuffled around a corner.

In an instant Jeff, who had heard the order given, understood, and a happy inspiration came to him; he could silence "the boys" and do a good turn for Marse Smith at the same time.

"Look out dar! boys," he cried, "ole Jeff will fix yo'r bar'l," and before anyone could stop him he ran towards the upraised end. When very near it he paused, gave one mighty spring, turned a half somersault, and struck the end of the barrel with his head. The thick, tough wood gave way like pasteboard and Jeff, slightly dazed, but very much pleased with himself was struggling in the barrel of syrup.

He crawled out of the barrel backwards, digging the syrup out of his eyes and ears, and without a word slowly trudged off towards his cabin. What Mr. Smith said shall not be recorded in these beautiful white pages; but he was the only man in all the little crowd who saw nothing to admire in old Jeff's wonderful performance. As for the darkey himself, the effect on him was unfortunate. His old habit of boasting—the one picturesque thing in his poor old life—was gone forever.

About Names.

GEORGE A. BARTHEL.

The rich variety of names in one of my classes has induced me to look up their derivation. One can tell with some degree of accuracy the nationality of people by the mere mention or spelling of their names; but mistakes on this point are common, and sometimes highly ludicrous. While living in New York I chanced to have some business with a man named Kelly. Without hesitation I addressed him in English, but his face became a perfect blank, and to my surprise he asked me "Sprechen sie Deutsch?"

With us, names are of two kinds—the baptismal and the family name, or, as they are also styled, the Christian name and the surname. The Romans had three—a proper name, to distinguish the individual, the name of the clan and the family name. Sometimes a fourth was added, which was generally borrowed from some notable event in the career of the bearer. The Greeks, with the exception of those who lived at Athens and Sparta, had no family names.

Surnames were first introduced into England during the reign of William the Conqueror. These were distributed according to the peculiarities of the individual. Thus the Earl of Anjou received his surname "Plantagenet," from his habit of wearing a twig in his cap. Henry II. called himself "Fitz-Empress," that is, son of the empress. In the same way, we have the names Fitz-Patrick and Fitz-Gerald.

In Ireland, during the glorious reign of Brian Boru, a law was passed that every family should adopt a surname. Thus every father had the enviable chance to select some hero's name, and thereby perpetuate it. Some prefixed "Mac," which means son; hence McKeon; son of Keon; McDonough, son of Donough. Others selected "Ua" which has been Anglicized O', and signifies grandson or descendant; as O'Connell, grandson or descendant of Connell; O'Shaughnessy, grandson or descendant of Shaughnessy. Hence, too, the familiar old lines:

"By Mac and O' you'll always know
True Irishmen, they say;
But when they lack the O' and Mac
No Irishmen are they."

In Germany and other nations family names

were in little favor before the fourteenth century. The method observed in these countries consisted in prefixing their father's name to their own. From this union arose many Danish, English and German names which end in *sen*, *son* and *sohn*—as Jansen, Williamson and Wensohn. The Russian *syn* and the Swedish *sen* signify son of the man to whose name they are annexed—as Johnson, son of John. The German *von*, the Dutch *van* and the French *de*, signify *of* or *from*, and refer to the place of birth, habitation or descent, as De Lorimier.

When the feudal system had full sway, new names came into vogue, which were chiefly coined from the individual employment of the person, from the districts conferred upon the nobles, and from feudal relations. For instance, if a man forged with the hammer, or if he worked in metals, he might be called "Smith." Hence we have the frequent occurrence of the names Smith, Goldsmith and Silversmith. We may in a similar manner trace the origin of such names as Miller, one who worked in a mill; Fisher, one who caught fish; and Mason one who built a house. Again, such names as English, Scott, Irish, French and Welsh were derived from the place of their birth; and from some striking peculiarities of their appearance, the names Brown, Long, Short, White, Broadhead and Fox, originated.

The Arabians call no one by his own or proper name. For instance, if a man named "Hali" had a son whose name was "Zoar," the son would not be called Zoar but "Ehu Hali," son of "Hali," and Zoar's son would be called "Ehu Zoar."

I have never been able to fathom the mysteries of Polish names. After making several inquiries, I came to the conclusion that the best way to form a word or name in that language would be to take twenty per cent. of vowels and eighty per cent. of consonants, put them in a box, give them a good shaking, draw out a handful, form a word, and then annex *ski* or *wicz*. But the Polish names as they fall from the lips of Sobieski's countrymen have none of the harshness and asperity they suggest to the eye.

If one has leisure or curiosity enough, there is no more diverting pastime than the study of the origin and meaning of names. It is said that the true history of a nation is chronicled in the changes its language has undergone. And if there were no other answer to Shakspeare's query: "What's in a name?" we might offer this one, "History."

Books and Magazines.

THREE GIRLS AND ESPECIALLY ONE. By Marion A. Taggart.

A SUMMER AT WOODVILLE. By Anna T. Sadlier.

These two volumes belong to Benziger Bros. juvenile series, but they are intended for children a little older than those that read the three volumes of the juvenile fiction series already noticed. At least the tales are more complete and longer, though all five books would be enjoyed by any audience of little folks. Miss Taggart's story borders a little on the goody-goody plan, for her heroine is almost too heroic. However, she escapes from the morass into which writers of Sunday School stories often fall, for Marcella Merrick and all her brothers and sisters are intensely human. Little Lucy is thoroughly a little child, and her actions and speech convince us that the author is in intimate sympathy with children.

The summer at Woodville is a beautiful little story setting forth the doings of a crowd of girls and boys in their summer home. The scenes are well drawn and some bits of descriptive work will charm even the grown-up reader. The naturalness of some of the characters in this work is particularly to be commended. Little Charlie, with a mind desirous of doing warlike things and a body unable to perform them, excites deeply the reader's sympathy.

—The *Bachelor of Arts* seems to have met its tragic incident, and it hurries swiftly to its catastrophe. There is really nothing in the May number that can not be excelled by several of our college magazines. It contains no article that provokes thought, nothing that arouses the attention of even an intelligent student; and, except the first article on "Early College Commencements," it presents next to nothing to ward off adverse criticism. The paper on Oxford and Cambridge, which was kindly meant, leaves us in the dark as we were before. The *Bachelor* devotes itself to "general literature," but what does the present number contain that justifies this devotion? It treats of Curtis May as a "poet of today." Surely the editors of the *Bachelor* know some of the limitations of the term they so freely use. "She has Corot's perception," says the *Bachelor*. Has she? Certainly not in the selections given.

The *Bachelor of Arts* sprung up a few years ago into health and strength and usefulness. Of late, however, it is getting weak,—perhaps it is afflicted with only an attack of Fresh-

man's omniscience, which makes careful work unnecessary, and when that is over, maybe it will come out and romp and shout and be gay again. How did that "Ballade of Cheese and Bier"—incorrectly called a *Ballade à double refrain*—get into the *Bachelor*? How did "Davy" blind the eyes of the *Bachelor's* critics to the extent of stealing into its pages? And what does the "Poetry of William Watson" teach that is not much better taught in a late *Edinburgh Review*? But, perhaps, the *Bachelor* thinks, with perverted judgment, that a poem from Clinton Scollard or from Yone Noguchi—Noguchi the *Bachelor* signs him—covers a multitude of faults.

—The June *Harper's* opens with an article from the pen of that industrious traveller, Edwin Lord Weeks, on "A New Switzerland." It contains bits of vivid description, such as a place like Switzerland would inspire, and it is profusely illustrated with sketches made by the author. Mr. Frank R. Stockton begins a new novel, which he calls "The Great Stone of Sardis," and much is added to its beauty by Mr. Newell's splendid illustrations. Another of the series of scientific articles that *Harper's* has been printing is the "Meteorological Progress of the Century." This should be of great interest to scientists and scholars in general. Mr. Poultney Bigelow's serial on "White Man's Africa" continues with all the interest of a romance. The present installment treats of the Dutch feeling toward England. Perhaps the most interesting article in *Harper's* this month is that by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., on the celebrities of the House of Commons. Very clever character sketching and very deep analysis are shown in this first paper of the series. Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Chamberlain are great men, all of them, and Mr. O'Connor gives us a pretty fair idea of their methods, their qualities and their peculiarities. The paper will be continued, and we expect to hear more of the men that make the laws of England and rule the destinies of the British Empire. "The Martian" continues in its peculiar way. The more we know about Barty the stranger he seems to us, and the more fantastic appears the mind of du Maurier. The present installment contains an unfinished drawing by du Maurier, which may show the method of the famous artist. There are many excellent short stories in the present number and the verse is, as usual, full of artistic beauty.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—We desire to call the attention of our readers to the communication on page 572 from the Alumni of Chicago. It is a message that explains itself.

—The regular editors have laid down their quills to prepare for the final examinations and the Professor of Rhetoric has kindly consented to fill this number of the SCHOLASTIC with "daily themes."

The Procession to the Grotto.

The ceremonies Monday evening were entirely in accord with the spirit that has made the month of May a synonym for devotion and reverence. Twice a week throughout the season devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin, public ceremonies were held and sermons delivered in the Church of the Sacred Heart with all the grandeur and magnificence for which the services at Notre Dame are noted. Fitting, indeed, it is that the Blessed Virgin should be thus gloriously honored at Notre Dame, for the very ground on which we stand has been consecrated to her name; and, as the eloquent preacher declared in his sermon on Monday evening, the founder of this insti-

tution—the lamented Father Sorin—always attributed the glory and grandeur and goodness of Notre Dame to the influence of Our Lady.

At half-past seven Monday evening the members of the community, the students and visitors met at the church and formed a procession headed by the University Band, which proved that sacred music could issue from instruments of brass as sweetly almost as from the great organ. After the band came the students of St. Edward's Hall, next those of Carroll Hall, Brownson Hall, Sorin Hall, Holy Cross Hall and St. Joseph's Hall in order, then the Brothers of the community, and finally the altar boys, priests and attendants, with boys carrying banners of the Blessed Virgin and of the United States. As the procession wound slowly in front of the house of the Professed Brothers the band began to play "'Tis the Month of our Mother," and the whole assembled multitude joined in the hymn. They passed by the first college building, now decrepit and insignificant beside its newer neighbors, and turned into the path leading to the Grotto of Lourdes. There a magnificent sight met the gaze of the double line of worshippers, for the poplars were decorated with Chinese lanterns that barely dispelled the gloom, the walks were fringed with the blaze of candles, the grotto itself was brilliant with a noontide glory, calcium lights blazed in front of the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, and beyond all shone the stars above and beneath the statue of the Blessed Virgin on the golden dome of the College. The long procession stopped before the grotto, beautiful in its rocky grandeur, and the officiating priests advanced between the lines to the railing of the cavern, while the trained voices of the students sang "Hail, Virgin, Dearest May." They then knelt before the statue, and in the words of the "Memorare," the priest invoked the intercession of the Holy Virgin, with the invocation, "Virgin Immaculate, Patroness of the United States, pray for us!" The procession passed into the church.

Here the last sermon of the May series was delivered and a preacher worthy of the occasion was happily chosen. The Reverend Daniel E. Hudson spoke eloquent words, which thrilled his audience with their force and earnestness. Then the Benediction was given, and as the clergy and servers left the sanctuary, glorious in the light shed from the altar, the organ, the band and the assembled people joined in a grand "Te Deum," and the most impressive ceremony of the May devotions was over.

An Errorless Game.

Yesterday afternoon the Varsity played the best game it has played this year, and succeeded in shutting out Wisconsin. The game was a fine exhibition of baseball playing on the part of the home team, and every player on the Varsity deserves unstinted praise. The batting honors went to Hindel, who made a hit every time he came to bat. MacDonald and Follen were each credited with three hits apiece. Although the game was rather one-sided, the snappy playing of the Varsity rendered the game one of the most interesting played on the local diamond this year. There is no doubt but that the Varsity played the best game that has been seen at Notre Dame in years, if not the best game ever seen here. The game was remarkably free from wrangling of every kind, and the Wisconsin players were loud in their praise of the fair treatment they received at the hands of the Notre Dame team and students. The all-around good playing of Notre Dame, the batting of the men mentioned above, Gibson's stop of a swift liner, and the wonderful one-handed catch of a hot liner by Clark and the resulting double play were the features of the game.

Wisconsin came first to bat, and was retired by two fouls and a strike out. Brown knocked a grounder to Aston, who threw to first. Seifert failed to hold the ball, and Brown was safe. Hindel hit safe. Fleming hit to Gregg, who attempted to throw out Brown without success. Powers came to bat with the bases filled. He knocked an easy ball to Reedal who threw out Brown at the home plate. Perry then threw the ball to Seifert, and Powers was put out. It was a neat double. Daly got his base on balls. McNichols knocked the ball to Gregg who failed to handle it, and Hindel came home. Fleming tried to follow him but was put out. Score, 1-0.

Wisconsin got two hits in the second, but they did no good as three men were put out before third base was reached. Notre Dame went out in quick succession. In the third Wisconsin was again retired in one, two, three order. Two singles, a base on balls, and MacDonald's three bagger brought in three runs for Notre Dame. Score, 4-0.

Wisconsin went out in order in the fourth. Hindel got his usual hit, but Notre Dame failed to score. Brewer got his base on balls in the fifth. Bandelin made a safe hit to left

field. Brewer reached second in safety, but went a little bit beyond. Fleming threw the ball to Hindel. Brewer saw the ball coming, but appeared to be hypnotized, and was put out without any trouble. Bandelin went to sleep on first and was thrown out by Gibson. Perry went to first on balls. Brownell was hit by a pitched ball. There were two men on bases, but Gibson struck out the next man up. Powers reached first on Clark's error, stole second, and attempted to go to third when Bandelin caught Daly's fly. He started too soon, and was called out when Bandelin threw the ball to second. An error and two hits brought in a run for Notre Dame. Score, 5-0.

In the sixth Wisconsin got a man as far as third and one on second. Gibson made a fine stop of a liner and retired one man; he struck out another one, and Fleming caught a fly in the field, retiring another batter. Three hits on the part of Notre Dame and six errors on the part of Wisconsin swelled the score of the Varsity to ten runs. Score, 10-0.

Wisconsin got two men on bases again in the seventh, but a strike out, a foul out, and an infield play retired the side. Notre Dame got a man to second on a base on balls and a sacrifice by Hindel, but did not score. In the eighth Wisconsin was unable to reach first base, while two hits and two errors brought in two more runs for Notre Dame. Brewer made a hit in the ninth. Bandelin sent a long, low drive into left field, but Fleming was there waiting for it, and Bandelin was retired. Berry knocked a pop-up, which was caught by Brown. Berg knocked a high fly out into left field. Fleming got under it and the game was over. Score, 13-0.

THE SCORE.

NOTRE DAME	R.	H.	S.	P.O.	A.	E.
Brown, ss.	1	1	0	1	2	0
Hindel, 2 b.	2	4	1	1	2	0
Fleming, l. f.	2	0	0	3	1	0
Powers (C.), c.	2	0	0	7	1	0
Daly, c. f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
McNichols, 3 b.	3	1	0	3	1	0
McDonald, 1 b.	2	3	0	12	0	0
Follen, r. f.	0	3	0	0	0	0
Gibson, p.	0	0	0	0	5	0
Totals	13	12	1	27	12	0
U. OF WISCONSIN	R.	H.	S.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gregg, (C.), 2 b.	0	0	0	3	2	2
Aston, ss.	0	1	0	2	1	2
Seifert, 1 b.	0	0	0	6	0	2
Clark, 3 b.	0	1	0	4	2	4
Brewer, c. f.	0	1	0	2	0	1
Bandelin, r. f.	0	2	0	1	1	1
Perry, c.	0	1	0	5	1	1
Brownell, l. f.	0	0	0	1	2	0
Berg, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Reedal, p.	0	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	0	6	0	24	12	13

SUMMARY:—Earned Runs, Notre Dame, 1. Two base hits, Brown, Follen. Three base hit, MacDonald. Base stolen, Powers. Double plays, Bandelin to Gregg; Reedal to Perry to Seifert; Clark to Gregg. Bases on hit by pitched ball, Brownell, Gibson. Bases on balls off Gibson, 4; off Reedal, 2. Struck out by Gibson, 6; by Reedal, 3. Passed ball, Perry. Time of game, 2:20. Umpire, Cross.

The Notre Dame University Association of Chicago.

[COMMUNICATED.]

The Notre Dame University Association of Chicago has been organized with permanent headquarters in Chicago. Several meetings were held for the purpose of perfecting the organization, and at a meeting held Monday, May 24, a committee of twelve was appointed to draw up a set of rules for the government of the organization. The rules provide that no religious or political discussions are allowed; that four meetings be held every year in Chicago, and one meeting and annual reunion at the University of Notre Dame; that there be no fees nor dues, but only an annual assessment of \$2.00 to cover incidental expenses; that the aim of the organization be to inculcate the spirit of fraternity among Notre Dame men all over the United States and promote the welfare of the University.

At the meeting held Monday night, June 3, with Rev. Nathan J. Mooney in the chair, the following officers were elected:—Hon. Judge Gibbons, President; George S. Crilly, First Vice-President; David J. Wile, Second Vice-President; Mark M. Foote, Secretary; Harold V. Hayes, Treasurer. Board of Directors: Hugh O'Neill, P. T. Barry, Dr. J. A. Hemsteger, Kickam Scanlon, Chas. T. Cavanagh. Letters were read from Very Rev. President Morrissey, Hon. W. P. Breen, Fort Wayne, and from about forty distinguished alumni in different parts of the country.

The Board of Directors will appoint the entertainment committee, the committee on admission and the committee on organization and promotion. The next meeting will be held on Sunday, June 6, at the hour of 3 p. m. Notre Dame men in any part of the country are eligible, provided they are passed on by the committee on membership. The roll of charter members is kept open until next meeting. All letters should be addressed to Mark M. Foote, Secretary, 323 Reaper Block. New organizations will be incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois. Eminent men will be invited to take part in the entertainments to be given by the Association. Several of the most prominent men in public life have signified their intention to deliver addresses under the auspices of the new organization. Under the guidance of the men who are chosen officers and directors, the organization will certainly reflect credit on its members and on the University. Credit is due Hugh O'Neill who organized the men of Notre Dame in Chicago and made it possible to found such a promising organization.

Senators again Defeated.

On Saturday morning the Senators met defeat on their own grounds at the hands of the Varsity. The game was slow and filled with errors, and yet the excitement ran high at times. The Varsity batted well, and the hits were well bunched, as the record of four earned runs will show. Brown at short stop played an excellent game. He accepted nine chances without an error, and captured the batting honors by making three three-base hits. Fleming succeeded in making four singles; Powers made two singles and a home-run, while Daly batted out two singles and a three-base hit. Some of the errors made by the teams were excusable on account of the position of the sun, but others were due solely to bad playing. Gibson's one error was due, in a great measure, to the sun and also to the fact that Wagner ran as near to him as possible while going down to first base. Notre Dame made one neat double play, and had a chance for a triple, but an error not only spoiled the triple play, but allowed the batter to make first base. Daly, Fleming and Follen, were each given chances at difficult flies, and proved themselves able to play their positions.

THE SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Brown, s. s.	5	2	3	0	2	7	0
Hindel, 2d b.	5	2	1	0	4	1	3
Fleming, l. f.	5	3	4	0	1	0	2
Powers, (C.), c.	5	3	3	0	4	0	0
Daly, c. f.	5	2	3	0	1	0	0
McNichols, 3 b.	5	0	1	0	0	2	3
McDonald, 1st b.	5	0	0	0	13	0	1
Follen, r. f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Gibson, p.	4	1	1	0	1	4	1
Totals	43	13	16	0	27	14	10
SENATORS	A.B.	R.	H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Funkhauser, s. s.	3	2	0	1	0	3	0
McCabe, r. f.	3	1	2	1	0	0	0
Cross, 2 b.	4	0	2	0	2	2	0
Genet, 1 b.	4	1	1	1	7	0	1
Neenan, c. f.	4	0	0	0	1	1	2
Auer, l. f.	5	2	1	0	2	0	1
Smith, c.	3	2	1	1	11	1	1
Dwyer, 3 b.	1	0	0	0	0	0	2
Arndt, 3 b.	4	1	1	0	1	3	2
Wagner, p.	5	1	0	0	0	3	1
Totals	36	10	8	4	24	13	10

SUMMARY:—Earned Runs, Notre Dame, 4; Senators, 1. Three Base Hits, Brown, 3; Daly. Home Run, Powers. Bases stolen, Daly, McCabe, Arndt, Funkhauser. Double Play, Brown to Hindel to MacDonald. Bases on Balls, off Gibson, 6; Bases on Hit by Pitched Ball, Smith, McCabe. Struck out by Gibson, 3; by Wagner, 10. Passed Ball, Smith. Wild Pitch, Wagner. Time of Game, 2:45. Umpire, Steiner.

NOTRE DAME:—5 0 0 2 2 1 0 3 *—13
SENATORS:—2 2 0 0 1 1 1 0 3—10

Exchanges.

"Student Life" in the *University Monthly* is a paper which contains many well-known facts concerning the student and his life at college. All the truths set forth are presented in such a united form as to constitute a very interesting article. The author, among other things, says that "a person who is nothing more than a 'dig' in college can not really have a true love for her. The relations between them are purely business ones. As a student he pays his money, spends his time, and obtains his degree. When his use for the college has ceased, then the relation ceases also."

The editorials in *The St. John's Collegian* are deserving of praise. They are on appropriate subjects and are strongly written. In the May number of the *Journal* there is an interesting article on "Muhamad's Religion," written by Rev. T. P. Hughes, D. D., Fellow of Punjab Oriental University. The other articles in the *Collegian* are worthy of attention.

The last number of the *University of Virginia Magazine* is, in our opinion, the best number of that paper which has been issued this year. The stories are all of a very high grade, and the essays could hardly be better. In the editorials is contained a notice to the effect that the students and faculty of the University are preparing to place a bust of Edgar Allan Poe in the library of his *Alma Mater*. One story in the magazine has a touch of Poe's weird style about it.

The *Adelphian* contains an able essay on the "Practical Value of Imagination," which is worthy of study. It exhausts the entire subject. Literary Chit-Chat is also very interesting to a student of literature. The current number of the *Adelphian* is the last to be issued by the editors who have had charge of the paper throughout the past year.

The May number of *St. Vincent's Journal* contains the pictures of the editors of that paper. Besides this, the *Journal* contains many articles of decided worth which make it a most attractive number. There is a well-written article on "Catholic Sociability" which contains many unpleasant truths. The writer offers several sensible suggestions which, if followed out, would abate the evil.

Personals.

—Rev. Daniel Riordan, Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, and Hon. Judge John Gibbons, who acted as judges in the Oratorical Contest last Wednesday evening, were the welcome guests of Rev. Father Morrissey and other members of the Faculty on Wednesday and Thursday.

—Among the welcome guests at the University lately were Mr. and Mrs. George F. Krug, of Dayton, Ohio. They came to see their son Albert, of Carroll Hall, make his First Communion. During their visit they were pleasantly entertained by their many friends at Notre Dame.

—Owen W. Sullivan (C. E., '92) is rapidly advancing in his work. He is with the Illinois Central Railroad, and for the past two years has been surveying railroad property around Chicago. At present he is superintending a work of tunneling in Vicksburg, Miss., and will be engaged there for many months. It is a great pleasure for us to hear of his success, and we extend to him our best wishes.

—Mrs. Patrick Cavanagh of Chicago, accompanied by her son Charles, spent last Sunday with her son Thomas of Sorin Hall. Mrs. Cavanagh was on her homeward journey from New York. Charles has opened a law-office in Chicago, and has already acquired a large practice. His old friends at Notre Dame wish him success, and hope that they may both be present at the coming Commencement.

—Among the men that were graduated last week from Rush Medical College, Chicago, were Francis J. Sullivan (student, '94) and Joseph M. Kearney (Litt. B., '94). Doctor Sullivan received an appointment on competitive examination, and has already entered upon his work as interne at St. Joseph's Hospital, Chicago. Doctor Kearney will begin his practice at once at his home in Lamont, Ill. Both Doctors have numerous friends at Notre Dame who wish them every success in their profession.

—We are pleased to learn that Frederic Emil Neef (B. S., '92, M. L., '95) is to receive a physician's diploma in Berlin this month. Fred was a model student at Notre Dame, and his later success is but the fulfillment of predictions which teachers and students made for him then. He was graduated with high honors in 1893, and was the Class poet of that year. The following year he returned as a post-graduate, and his literary talents won for him the English Medal. He was a frequent contributor to the SCHOLASTIC in prose and verse, and his artistic pen added lustre to many a special edition of bygone days. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him every success in his chosen profession.

The Oratorical Contest.

We have heard on all sides that the Oratorical Contest this year has been more interesting, more representative and more successful than it had been in previous years. The orations were well chosen as to subject, well treated as to subject-matter, and constructed according to the best principles of oratorical composition. The delivery on the whole was not so excellent, but earnestness, force and grace were evident throughout.

It could easily be seen that the young orators had come well prepared for the contest. Their efforts were marked with a deep study of the several subjects and with careful regard for the processes of selection and presentation. The themes chosen are of very widespread interest, and the attention they claimed was freely granted them.

Mr. Thomas T. Cavanagh, '97, spoke with great effect on "Our Need of Naval Preparation," advocating the necessity of building up a strong American navy to protect the rights of the people and to resist the encroachments of foreign powers. Mr. Edward E. Brennan, '97, took for his subject "Our Naval Heroes," and eloquently pleaded for equal appreciation of the merits of the sailor with those of the soldier. Mr. M. James Ney, '97, spoke very logically upon "Christian Unity," taking as the principal means to that end the adoption of international arbitration. Mr. C. M. B. Bryan's subject was Orestes A. Brownson,—a philosopher that well deserves the praise bestowed upon him by the brilliant speaker. Mr. Sherman Steele's tastes run to statesmanship, and Alexander Hamilton proved a fitting subject for his exalted ideal of the American statesman.

The judges arrived at a decision on the contest Wednesday night, and the sealed envelope that contains the name of the winner will not be opened until Commencement morning. Till then we have to bear the suspense of doubt.

Local Items.

—"I'm in a *tight* place," said Herron, as he pulled on his trunks last Thursday.

—Thos. J. O'Hara, of Brownson Hall, left for his home in Los Angeles, Cal. last Wednesday.

—It is whispered about that the "hose-hustlers," are to have a spread before Commencement.

—"Get on to my curves," exclaimed Lan Johnders in a futile attempt to depict a satisfactory spherical triangle.

—Frederick Miltenberger of the SCHOLASTIC press-room will give an entertainment at St. Edward's Hall tomorrow afternoon.

—"Say, Tomaso, is it true that the umpire

was chewed up after the game between St. Joseph's and Sorin Halls?" "No; but the score was eight up."

—"Well, I declare," said Shock, as he failed to return the tennis ball on the first bounce, "I didn't think the blamed thing would have so much 'jump' to it."

—Samuel Dixon, of Brownson Hall, entertained his sister during the early part of the week. During her brief stay Miss Dixon made many friends who trust that her next visit will be a much longer one.

—The report of the result of the competition for the gold medal in Co. B, was incorrectly stated in our last issue. The honor of winning the medal should have been accredited to Master William Shea.

—"Say," said Dupe, the other evening as "Red" was covering his chapped hands with a pair of gloves before retiring, "you must be going for a drive." "Yes," answered Rederina, "with the night-mare."

—"Shingara" may be somewhat "previous," but at any rate he is not going to be left. His belongings have already been carefully packed into his trunk, and he is now sitting upon it, twirling his moustache and waiting for the signal.

—Some one said the other day that he was suddenly seized with chills and fever, and was at a loss to understand the cause of the attack until he discovered that Summers was sitting on one side of him and *Winter Massey* on the other.

—"I saw Daly spreading molasses all over his baseball glove this morning," said Franey to Slivers the other day. "What did he do that for?" anxiously inquired the stout man. "So he could catch flies," said Franey, giggling convulsively.

—Mr. Watson, the local passenger agent of the Grand Trunk Railway will come up to the College tomorrow afternoon to offer rates to the students that live in the Eastern states. Provided the students all go together, Mr. Watson will give them a special car and reduced rates.

—The SCHOLASTIC is extremely sorry that space will not allow the publication of the Very Reverend Father Cooney's address at the last meeting of the Temperance Society. The SCHOLASTIC, however, desires to congratulate the venerable worker in the cause for the grand effort that has created such widespread interest.

—NOTICE.—Those athletes that have won honors on the track, or have taken part in match games of basket-ball, football or baseball, may, if they inform the chairman of the Executive Committee as soon as possible, obtain the University monogram for their sweaters. Orders should be left at once, so that the monograms may be had before Commencement.

—The jerseys and monograms for the ball team arrived rather late, but they are none the less acceptable. The jerseys look well, and the monograms are a source of pride to the players because they know that only those may wear them that have done creditable work in athletics. The monogram is composed of a large "N" and "D" in gold, with the navy blue sweater for a background.

—We have at last convinced the skeptic, and he now acknowledges that our team is a wonder. It took a great deal of ball playing and several weeks to convert him. Henceforth he will be our greatest partisan, for a little outside team that can't play ball for "sour grapes" will no longer hold his affections. He is now a Notre Dame man through and through, from head to foot.

—Mr. Harry L. Prichard, an old Sorin Hall boy of the Class of '90, has presented to Sorin Hall magnificent (36 x 30 inches) photographs of Fathers Sorin, Corby, Walsh and Morrissey. They have been placed in the main entrance corridor of the hall, and have elicited the admiration of all who have seen them, both as excellent likenesses, as well as beautiful specimens of art. They are the work of McDonald of South Bend.

—As there will be only one more SCHOLASTIC published during the present scholastic year, the care-worn, dyspeptic expressions are fast leaving the faces of the staff and reporters—particularly the reporters,—and they are beginning to find time to think about home and mother. The two local men from Sorin Hall will kill time during the summer reporting for the *Pennsylvania Astonisher*, and the other reporters will edit the "Hen House and Corn-Crib" column of the *Cresco* (Iowa) *Disturber*.

—The following is the order of the Elocution Contest which will take place next Friday, June 11.

SORIN AND BROWNSON HALLS.

"The Baron's Last Banquet".....M. V. Monarch
 "The Dying Alchemist".....A. J. Duperier
 "Flying Jim's Last Leap".....J. W. Lantry
 "The Illigant Affair at Muldoon's"—W.C. McDonough
 "The Shipwreck".....E. E. Brennan
 "Cataline's Defiance".....C. M. Niezer
 "The Corsican".....T. E. Lowery

CARROLL HALL.

"The Chariot Race".....J. F. Morrissey
 "The Irish Disturbance".....G. L. T. Weadock
 Henry Grattan's Reply to Mr. Corry—F.X. Druiding

—Some things the Professor of Comparative Osteovertebratmicroembryological Anatomy would like to know: Why the Frenchman's eyes are always red on the days that he recites in class the best; whether that first sentence in Rosy's thesis would measure six feet in its stocking feet; whether Dr. Barney removed that wart on the neck, and if so what became of the neck; where Eddie was while the class was carving the horse; what makes the "Only Torchlight in the Parade" "coil" his moustache; how the "Bones" were broken,

and what Fitz will do for biscuits when he is studying medicine in Europe.

MOTHER GOOSE AT NOTRE DAME.

Young Johnnie More
 Went up to the store
 To eat of his friend a "set up."
 But when he arrived
 His dear friend had "skived"
 And the store—alas, t'was shut up!

There was a man in our school
 Who was the prince of flyers,
 He rode into a bramble bush
 And punctured both his tires.

Little boy blue, come get out of here
 We're far down the road and the prefect is near;
 Make haste to the yard ere he comes within reach,
 Or we'll both get the strap and two thousand each.

—Last Sunday afternoon the Reverend President Morrissey delivered what the Detroit press calls a very able and eloquent sermon on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the Church of St. Thomas at Ann Arbor, Michigan. His text was taken from St. John, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believed in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." The Right Reverend Bishop Rademacher of Fort Wayne officiated at the laying of the corner-stone, and an immense crowd of clergy and laity was present. In the evening of the same day Father Morrissey was one of the guests at the banquet tendered to President Angell of the University of Michigan.

—Colonel Hoynes has received many merited compliments upon the eloquent address he delivered in South Bend on Memorial Day. The address was a glowing tribute to the heroes who fought and died for their country, and was delivered in the pleasing manner customary to the genial Dean of our Law School. The SCHOLASTIC joins with the daily Press in congratulating the Colonel upon his eminent success. We clip the following from the editorials of the South Bend *Daily Times* of May 2.

The *Laporte Herald* says: "The Memorial Day address, delivered by Colonel Wm. Hoynes, of Notre Dame, in South Bend, Saturday, did credit to his head and heart. Colonel Hoynes is a matchless orator." Colonel Hoynes is a student and a thinker: hence when he speaks he always says something worth hearing.

—On Tuesday afternoon we were visited by the News Boys' Band, of Grand Rapids. The organization consists of forty pieces, and the members are boys ranging from eleven or twelve years of age to seventeen or eighteen, all of whom are connected with the newspapers of Grand Rapids in one way or another. Most of them sell papers and the rest work in the press rooms. Mr. W. H. Turner, who attended to the business affairs of the organization, was at one time a student at Notre Dame. The boys were then on their way to Fort Wayne, where they were to give a concert the next day, but Mr. Turner managed to bring them out to Notre Dame to play for the students. After an elaborate banquet in the refectory.

tendered to the band by Very Reverend President Morrissey, they marched out upon the Brownson campus and played entertainingly, while Illinois and the Varsity were practising upon the diamond. The little fellows look very soldierly in their neat uniforms, and their playing is marvelous when one considers the ages of the musicians.

—Last Sunday evening, the Total Abstinence Society held its final, and perhaps the most enjoyable, meeting of the scholastic year. Mr. W. Monahan was unanimously elected temporary secretary. The first number on the programme was a talk by Mr. F. O'Shaughnessy. Mr. Bouwens sang one of his favorite songs, and Mr. Brucker entertained the society by drawing a comparison between the use of tobacco and intoxicants. Mr. J. Francis Corr delivered a declamation, which was followed by a short talk by the promoter, Rev. Father Burns. The Spiritual Director of the Indiana State Union, the Very Rev. Father Cooney, was then invited to speak, and he responded to the call in an address which formed a fitting climax to the evening's exercises. With keen argument and vigorous language, the venerable missionary attacked the vice of intemperance and the habits that lead to it, and quoted numerous statistics to show the effects of the use of liquor upon the morality of a people. Father Cooney's address was heartily applauded, and with its conclusion the meeting adjourned.

—The Brownsonites had gone walking; the Carrolls were playing a moonlight game of ball and the Minims were at work on their Greek themes and moral philosophy when the Sorinites decided to have a circus. Barnum and 4-paw would have given worlds to possess such a menagerie as was there assembled. There was a llama from Peru, a boar from the imperial forests of Germany, and missing links from Memphis. Everybody played horse, and Rosey made a capital elephant. There was some trouble at first about pitching the tent, but Coxey, the ossified mummy of a once famous Babylonian punster, came to the rescue with a suggestion that they get their *pitch* from the fir-trees near at hand. The side show contained an unusual aggregation of freaks, including Wiseacre, the green-eyed Albino; De Laney, the Appalachian giant; and Con Frankfer, the human Calliope. Steeletto, whose skull is absolutely impenetrable, and Pat Fitzrick, the original of "Only a Faded Pitcher," were attractions never seen in any other collection. A. Therton was utilized as a centre pole, and Walter's brilliant remarks furnished the illumination. There was only one ring—the one in the Prefect's bell—and when P. Ket, the nerveless man and Rat Peardon, the snake-charmer, attempted to do their turns at the same time, the performance came to a sudden stop, and, Walter having neglected to remark, all was darkness.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Bryan, Byrne, Costello, Crilly, Confer, Delaney, Fagan, Fitzpatrick, Marmon, Mingey, Medley, McDonough, F. O'Malley, O'Hara, Pulkamp, Rosenthal, Reilly, Steiner, Spalding.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, W. Berry, J. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Burke, Baab, Brucker Barry, Bouwens, Boze, Baloun, Bommersbach, Crawford, T. Cavanaugh, Campbell, Cunéo, Crowley, Cullinane, Conway, J. Cavanaugh, J. Casey, Dreher, Duperier, Davies, Dowd, M. Daly, Duffy, Donovan, J. Daly, Dooley, Desmond, Dixon, Ellison, Fadeley, Fitzgerald, Foster, Fox, Follen, Fehr, Farrell, M. Flannigan, Falvey, Fischer, Fleming, Grady, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gilbert, Guilfoyle, Guerra, C. Gray, Hoban, Hengen, F. Hesse, Howard, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hermann, Haley, J. Hesse, Howell, Hay, Hurst, Jelonak, Johnson, Kidder, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kearney, I. Kuerze, Koehler, Lyons, Long, Landers, Lowery, Lutz, J. Murphy, Mullen, Morris, Mulcrone, W. Monahan, Meyers, Monarch, Moorhead, Maurus, Massey, Martin, Miller, T. Monahan, McCarrick, McCormack, McMillan, McGinnis, C. Murphy, McConn, McDonald, Nye, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, Pickett, Putnam, Paras, Pim, Quinn, Quandt, Reinhard, Reed, Rahe, Smoger, Stuhlfauth, Summers, Schermerhorn, San Roman, Schulte, Singler, Spalding, Scheubert, Thiele, Thams, Tong, Tomlinson, J. Tuohy, Toba, Vogt, Ward, Wigg, Welker, Wiczorek, J. Wimberg, Wade, H. Wimberg, Williams, Wynne, Wilson.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, R. Armijo, P. Armijo, Beardslee, Becker, Berger, Breslin, Burke, Burns, Brand, Cornell, T. Condon, Corby, Coquillard, Cowie, Curry, Curtis, Conklin, Darst, Dellone, Davidson, Devine, Dinnen, Druiding, Drejer, Dugas, Delaney, Elliott, Ellwanger, Fennessey, Foley, Fox, L. Fish, A. Fish, Funk, Frank, Friedman, Fleming, Gimbel, Girsch, Garrity, Hoban, Houck, Herron, Heffelfinger, Hinze, Herbert, A. Kasper, F. Kasper, G. Kasper, Keiffer, Kelly, Kiley, Kirkland Klein, Kilgallen, Krug, J. Kuntz, P. Kuntz, Land, Leach, Lovett, Lyle, Maher, Meagher, Mooney, Morgan, Morrissey, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, T. Murray, R. Murray, J. Murray, Moxley, Mueller, Merz, Michels, McCallen, McCarthy, McDonnell, McIntyre, J. McMahon, O. McMahon, McMaster, McNamara, McNichols, McManus, McDonald, T. Naughton, D. Naughton, J. Naughton, Nolan, Noonan, Newell, Nast, F. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, O'Malley, O'Neill, Ordetx, Padden, Peterson, Pohlman, Powers, Pulford, Putnam, Pyle, Page, Quinlan, Reuss, Richon, Sample, Sanford, Schaffhauser, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Schmitt, E. Sheekey, J. Sheekey, Shiels, Shea, Slevin, Stengel, Sullivan, Swan, Szybowicz, Swiney, Schwabe, Taylor, Tong, Wagenmann, J. Ward, Wolcott, H. St. Clair Ward, F. Ward, Waite, Walsh, Wells, Wilson, Grossart.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Abercombie, Abrahams, Arnold, Beardslee, C. Bode, F. Bode, Bosworth, Butler, Burton, Blanchfield, Casparis, Clarke, Cotter, Cowie, Coquillard, Cressy, Cunnane, Craig, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Dougherty, Dessauer, Ebbert, Engelmann, Ervin, Edgarton, Ellis, Freeman, Frost, Frain, Fleischer, Griffith, Garrity, Hall, Weber, Hart, Hinsey, Jonquet, Kelly, F. Keogh, R. Keogh, Lawton, Lovell, Leisander, Leclerque, E. Manion, P. Manion, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, W. McBride, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McConnell, M. McMahon, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, E. Monahan, S. Monahan, R. McMaster, B. McMaster, C. McMaster, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, Mathesius, Paul, F. Phillip, A. Phillips, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Rennolds, Rees, Ryan, Redpath, Robbins, Reed, Spillard, Steele, Shields, Strauss, Strong, Seymour, Tillotson, Trentman, L. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Veneziani, Welch, G. Weidmann, F. Weidmann, Wilde, Wigg.